

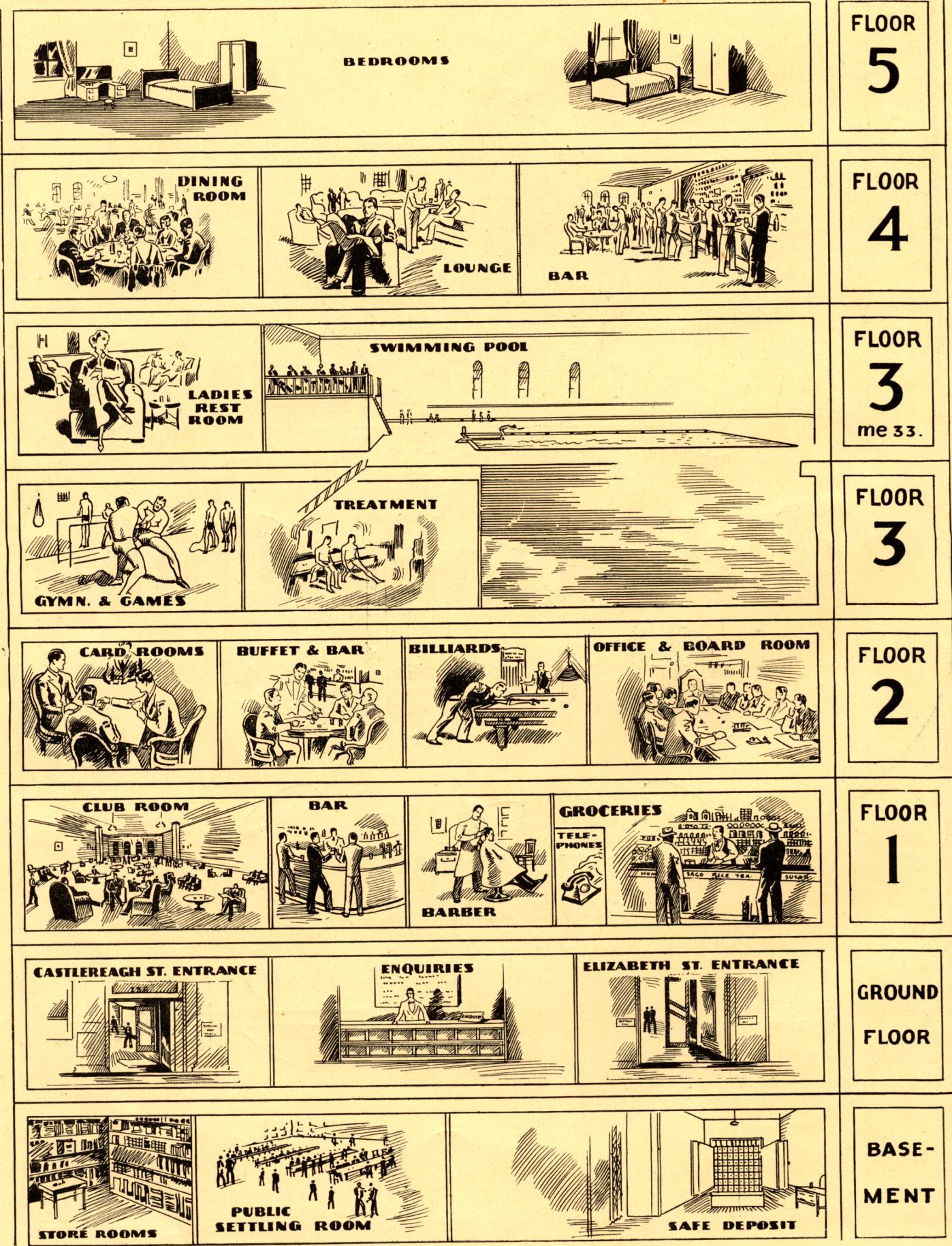


Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 15. No. 3. May, 1942.





TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 15. No. 3

May, 1942



Chairman:
W. W. HILL

•

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S. E. CHATTERTON

•

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 23rd May, 1942, in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund. Principal Event: The James Barnes Plate, One Mile and Three Furlongs.

The Club Man's Diary

MAY BIRTHDAYS: 1st, Mr. V. H. Moodie; 3rd, Mr. Roy Miller; 4th, Mr. L. M. Browne, Mr. D. F. Stewart; 6th, Mr. H. C. Bartley; 7th, Mr. L. P. R. Bean, Mr. G. A. Crawford; 15th, Mr. J. Goldberg; 16th, Capt. L. S. Loewenthal; 22nd, Mr. Justice Herron, Mr. de Renzie Rich; 26th Mr. R. B. Barmby, Mr. J. T. Hackett, Mr. C. R. Tarrant; 28th, Mr. G. Chiene; 30th, Judge Clancy; 31st, Mr. Albert Abel.

* * *

There are still at large in this (so far) safe and secure city some men who seem incapable of dismissing the illusion that life should proceed normally.

I hear them say: "What good can we do about things? . . . What good can we do by worrying?"

Jolly soon they will learn that conditions cannot remain the same for any of us.

Eventually there will be an allotment of service, additional to, or parallel with, our civil occupations—and no beg pardons.

Ask any informed person and he will tell you that the era of the easy chair is passing rapidly. Detachment is another name for defeatism.

Persons must think firstly in terms of the war, which is a rough game without yawning breaks.

Service may be rendered in a hundred and one ways. Fixtures arranged by Tattersall's Club to aid various arms of the war effort call particularly for our support as good club men.

Those calls on our liberality are reminders that the social amenities we enjoy are guaranteed to us only for so long as we prove ourselves worthy of them—and by the grace of the men of this club, and the sons and grandsons of men of this club, standing at battle stations.

* * *

Those of our servicemen who are prisoners of war are in need of comforts not on the menu nor in the stores of their camps in alien territories. Those gallant fellows depend on us to provide them with the ad-

ditional ration which may make all the difference between life and death.

For us they gave up their homes and loved ones, their comforts, and companionships, risked their lives. We have a duty. They did not fail. We must not.

Tattersall's Club, always to the fore in patriotic service, has arranged a race meeting for Randwick on May 23, to provide funds for this cause.

As heretofore, the net proceeds of the meeting will be handed over with the club's blessing. We depend on you to make the day a big success "by the gold and by the silver that ye gave."

Go along to Randwick on May 23—and ask others to attend, too. The money is needed urgently.

* * *

Ernie Farrar's topping of his thirtieth year as a member of the Legislative Council, as it is known officially, the Upper House, as it is called casually, or "the best club in Sydney," as it is actually, leaves him unscathed by enmities, political or otherwise. Perhaps it is because Ernie has the art of being forthright without being unfriendly.

Politicians have found me a fairly exacting critic. In my time I have splashed a good deal of ink from parliamentary galleries. Ernie Farrar was almost invariably among the unbespattered. Usually you could count on his saying something commonsensical at a moment when honourable members were wont to become banal.

* * *

A. B. Gray, writing in "Smith's Weekly," is on side with a view held generally: "Owners should, as far as possible, eliminate the practice of combining the names of sire and dam of the yearling. It is a poor way of arriving at a title, and in most instances displays lack of thought. Some horses racing in various Australian States bear a title formed under this heading, and they are shockingly bad examples of nomenclature."

* * *

There are in all newspaper offices persons known as sub-editors. Their

delight is to carve the news from your story and dissipate its colour—all with the one fell stroke of the blue pencil (I know. I have been a sub-editor and have, anon, been sub-edited). Still, those fellows can think up bright titles, and squeeze them in, so many letters to the line. Also, they have the art of conveying the point of the story in the heading or headings.

If ever I buy a yearling, I'll go to one of those fellows and, giving him the names of sire and dam, plus a little family equine history, will ask him to write me a name as intelligently as he would write a title. And he will do it on the titles-written-while-you-wait method.

* * *

When a young student asked me recently to look over an essay he had written on Macbeth, my thoughts harked back to times when I fagged "that sort of stuff"—as an old classmate, in after years, summarised Shakespeare and all his works.

We were swotting "The Merchant of Venice," and had been instructed to write a study of Shylock. Whether Shylock should be supported or slammed was left to the preference of the student. Of the whole class, I was the only one to support the fellow—not because I believed in Shylock's credo, but for the reason that I guessed that, by so doing, I would be original and, perhaps, exceptional.

So it turned out. Our master said, by way of commendation: "Some day you will be writing for the newspapers."

P.S.: Unfortunately, he was right.

* * *

There was another occasion, at a University extension class, when I certainly shocked our madam teacher, and, I fear, the sedate student circle in overwhelming majority, by turning in a brazen effort under the title: "Did Mrs. Macbeth Love Her Husband?" A fellow-student, now highly placed on an important Sydney newspaper, said in an aside that I should have been hanged, like my ancestors.

The following was written by a maiden lady, not yesterday, but way back in the Victorian era—a Miss Bremer by name—and it seems worth giving an airing here as documentary proof that the old technique has altered little in three-quarters of a century:

The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak points of the ice, in order to keep off them.

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the Flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attract, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying off into space. The wife, who should properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul above trifles.

Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

* * *

Conversation turned on the definition of the perfect wife. The best offered was a true life-story of a woman whose husband went out on a bachelor's party, returned very late, got into a hot bath, fell asleep, and was awakened by his wife next morning saying sweetly: "Darling, shall I pour in some more hot water?"

* * *

Here's a story they are telling in Dublin, where so many famous horses are being sold.

A Jewish gentleman gets a couple of pounds of alleged beef at his butcher's.

"Are you sure it's Kosher?" he asks.

"Sure, it ought to be," replied the butcher. "It won three races for Mr. Solly Joel."

Extraordinary incidents in hurdle races were being recalled, and I made a note of what happened at Randwick in 1919: Only three of the six acceptors faced the starter. Coominya led early, but after going about seven furlongs baulked at one of the obstacles. Algous, who was following about two lengths away, came up and collided with Coominya.

Both horses fell over the hurdle, and their jockeys were mixed up with the horses on the other side of the jump. Mountwood, the remaining runner, came along and jumped the hurdle, but the horse came down in his effort to avoid trampling on the two riders. W. H. Baker, rider of Algous, quickly remounted and gained a furlong start before F. Moore could catch Mountwood and resume the chase. Algous won by a furlong from Mountwood. Though Coominya was remounted and continued in the race, he did not complete the course.

* * *

WINTER WHINE

'Tis winter come
The shine is fading from the sun,
And freezing blasts begin to hum
'Round corners chill, while ev'ry
nook
In kindlier months I fain forsook,
Now aggravates a feeling glum
'Tis winter come.

* * *

When a N.S.W. club met a club from Queensland in a challenge match in 1882, that was not the first Rugby match of an interstate character, as has been claimed. In 1877 Carlton Club (Melbourne) visited Sydney and played two games, one under Rugby rules, the other under the rules of the Australian code. In the following year, the Waratahs went to Melbourne for the return matches.

In 1877 Frank Butler captained the Waratahs, and in 1878, the late R. W. Thallon was captain. "Jumbo" Walker and J. A. Brodie played for the Waratahs. Brodie and Butler later were members of the Wallaroos.

I saw Frank Butler in Martin Place the other day.

An inquirer asked to be informed of the name of the referee who controlled "the great game, Wallaroo v. Randwick, played at Sydney Cricket Ground in 1896." The referee was the late Mr. Reg. P. Browne.

I have printed the reference in the hope that it will recall the palmy days to old-timers in Tattersall's Club.

* * *

FAMOUS LAST WORDS:

I think I'll go down to the club and see the boys.

I meant to post your letter, but—

Now, if you will listen to my view—

Keep going; he's sure to stop before turning into the main road.

Oh, she was just an old friend of my boyhood.

Someone must have put it in my pocket for a joke.

I was coming straight home, but he would insist—

I don't think you would be interested.

Listen, dear, I can explain everything.

* * *

Mr. J. T. Jamieson was sent on his way to his farm in New Zealand with all the good wishes of a widely representative gathering of club members last month. After nine years as a No. 1 trainer at Randwick Mr. Jamieson has won £97,000 for his many patrons — the chairman of the gathering Mr. J. A. Roles named High Caste, Closing Time, Limarch, and Upoko Ariki as his best money spinners. Mr. George Tancred in rating the parting guest not 100 but 1000 per cent. touched on the tilts at the ring which have been a feature of the stable presided over by Mr. Jamieson. Messrs. Tom Powell and Mannie Lyons for Sydney and Melbourne bookmakers spoke with appreciation for their side of the business. Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson are retiring to their property in New Zealand but the hope was expressed that the time would not be too far distant when Mr. Jamieson would return with another High Caste or an Ammon Ra or a Prince Humphrey.

(Continued on Page 4.)

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Re-elected unopposed at the Annual General Meeting of Members on 13th May: Mr. W. W. Hill, Chairman; Mr. S. E. Chatterton, Treasurer; Messrs. G. Chiene, D. A. Craig, A. J. Matthews and J. A. Roles, Committee.

Mr. Hill was elected Treasurer on May 7, 1931, and Chairman on May 5, 1932, since when Mr. Hill has been returned unopposed at successive elections.

Mr. Chatterton has been Treasurer since 1932, and the following committeemen have been in office from the years indicated: Mr. Roles, 1924; Mr. Chiene, 1936; Mr. Matthews, 1939; Mr. Craig, 1940.

* * *

The Committee has decided to extend the privilege of honorary membership to officers of visiting Imperial and American forces.

Each applicant will be proposed by a member of the club and endorsed by a member of the Committee.

* * *

An American Centre will be established in Tattersall's building, Elizabeth Street. Open seven days a week, mornings, afternoons and evenings, the centre will be co-ordinated with the activities of the American Red Cross and Welfare Division of the U.S. Army.

* * *

Jimmy King, one of Australia's outstanding athletes of other years, died recently at Eaglehawk (V.). He had won 113 Sheffield Handicaps and a Carrington in Sydney, and was second to E. S. Skinner (America) in the Stawell Gift of 1889. At the age of 50 years he was clocked to run 100 yds in 10-3/5 seconds. Jimmy was a brother of the late A. J. King, prominent cyclist of the past.

* * *

How could the Hun armies hope to contend with the Russians in winter time when the Russians have skis attached to their names as well as to their feet?

The Australian turf in its long history has claimed many great patrons. E. J. Watt was among the greatest of them. His association was not only outstanding in terms of time; it was distinguished by a splendid record of service as owner, breeder, administrator.

The A.J.C. knew him as a committeeman with his heart always in the sport for the sport's sake. Personal reward never clouded his outlook. The satisfaction of securing a good horse was to E. J. Watt sufficient compensation in itself.

Champagne Stakes, the December Stakes and the Carrington Stakes. There was Mountain Knight, who won in 1914 the A.J.C. Derby and the Victoria Derby, and in 1915 the Victorian St. Leger and the A.J.C. St. Leger. Mr. Watt won Tattersall's Cup in 1926 with Player and in 1932 with Spearman. The records of Gold Rod and of Mildura are too recent to require setting out in detail.

Mr. Watt became a member of Tattersall's Club on November 16, 1914, and a member of the A.J.C. committee on 28th March, 1934.

Mr. Watt represented the A.J.C. at a gathering in Tattersall's Club in 1941 when the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) handed over to the Lord Mayor (Ald. Crick), in his capacity as Chairman of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund, a cheque for £5216/11/2, net profit of Carrington Stakes day.

Mr. Watt said on that occasion: "All members of the club, from the Chairman down, deserve the greatest credit. On patriotic days the popularity of the stand conducted by Tattersall's Club has been proved by the difficulty in getting near it to make purchases, owing to the density of the crowds surrounding it."

E. J. Watt died in Sydney on May 2, regretted by all, including the very many who knew him just by name.

* * *

Touching tributes were paid to the memory of George Wilson, M.L.A. by members of both sides of the Legislative Assembly. This man of high principle had always placed service to his country before personal considerations. His passing on April 24, was regretted also in Tattersall's Club of which Mr. Wilson had been a member since July 22, 1935.

**TATTERSALL'S
CLUB**
●
MAY RACE MEETING
Randwick Racecourse,
SATURDAY, 23rd MAY,
1942
★
in aid of the
PRISONERS OF WAR FUND.

Probably he might be regarded as having been a lucky owner in some respects; but not more so than he deserved to be, considering the scale of his investments. There is a good deal to be said generally about "the lottery of yearlings," but E. J. Watt had "an eye for a horse." There were few better judges.

Glancing over the list of the greater horses who carried his colors we discover that as far back as 1913 he won with Athenic the A.J.C.

WHERE AND WHY IS LIBYA?

Land of Historic Highlights

Libya is the central section of Northern Africa. Libya, in the Greek Alexandrian period, was the name applied to the whole of Africa.

It was not until the Roman era that the whole continent was vaguely called Africa, and the name Libya merely applied to that northern section largely composed of sand dunes and deserts.

Not all of Libya, however, is desert.

There is a fertile strip along the southern shore of the Mediterranean and, of course, there are comparatively small oases in the deserts.

That fertile strip along the North African coast has often been the subject of strife and contention among nations, even as it is to-day.

The original inhabitants, and the majority of the present inhabitants of Libya were, and are, Berbers.

Remains are to be found of a very crude early Berber civilisation.

The first known invasion of Libya by a nation of higher civilisation was about 1200 B.C., when parts of the fertile coast strip were occupied by the Phoenicians.

These Phoenician colonists from Tyre and Sidon built three cities, and the district in which these three cities were located became known as the country of Tri-Polis, or the three-city country.

It is still known as Tripoli.

The land of Tripoli lies along the shores of the Mediterranean to the west of Egypt.

Where the Phoenician colonists settled was a well chosen section, as there are harbours along the coast, while in the interior to the south is the Fezzan, the narrowest part of the immense Sahara Desert which in classic times was almost uncrossable except at this narrow neck.

Wherefore the trade with the interior of Africa was conducted large-

ly through the Fezzan and to the Tri-Polis of the Phoenicians.

Of all the Phoenician settlements in North Africa Carthage became so much the most important that it eventually absorbed the others.

Its territories also occupied the greater part of what is now known as Tunisia.

The history of Carthage and of its possessions along this fertile strip of North African coastline is romantic, dramatic and tragic in the extreme.

There is no figment of the imagination as vividly melodramatic as the actual occurrences of history.

The things that man can do—and does do—are beyond the powers of the human mind to foretell.

And the subsequent relation of these acts and deeds of man is more astonishing and more interesting than any invented tales of fiction.

That truth is stranger than fiction is a temperate expression of a conspicuous fact.

The Phoenicians were great and venturesome traders.

All the Semites were, and are.

Tyre and Sidon had grown rich by trade.

Their manufactures were carried to the far ends of the earth.

Tyrian purple and beautiful stuffs stained with it were known and sought after in all quarters of the ancient world.

The Phoenician galleys not only crossed the Mediterranean but dared the open seas beyond the Pillars of Hercules and ventured as far as Britain for the precious products of that island's mines.

Not only had the fertile sea coast of North Africa been sparsely colonised by these venturesome Phoenicians, but about 850 years before Christ, Elissa, a daughter of the royal

house of Tyre, fled from the tyranny of a cruel brother far from her homeland in Asia far along the North African coast until, after many days, her wave and weather beaten galleys reached a beautiful bay protected from the seas by high promontories on each side and with a lovely inland lake nearby.

Here Elissa and the people who had followed her determined to remain and build a new city for themselves.

Elissa had carried away with her great wealth in gold and jewels so she bought the land around the bay and upon the heights and there founded her city.

Other Phoenicians fled the cruelty of Elissa's royal brother, Pygmalion, and joined her in her new city.

They were refugees.

Elissa was a refugee and her name was changed to Dido which means "a fugitive."

Dido's city grew quickly like one of the great cities of our New World and when in the sixth century B.C. Tyre was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, Carthage took the place of Tyre as the mistress of the Mediterranean.

Long before that great day, however, poor Elissa had died in sorrow—a victim of unrequited love.

You all know the story of Dido and Aeneas but let us review it and not forever write and read of our modern wars.

Troy was another great city founded as a trading post.

Troy grew rich on the trade between Europe and Asia just as Carthage grew rich on the trade between Europe and Africa.

When that simpering ladies' man, that classic lounge lizard, Paris, brought disaster upon Troy by car
(Continued on Page 16.)

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BILLIARDS

How Billiards Tables are playing an important part in the war effort both in Australia and abroad.

The value of billiards to the individual is receiving great attention in England at the moment. Some months back, on this page, it was recorded how a regular game of billiards was being prescribed by medics attached to military camps as an aid to muscle re-education after injury. So well did the scheme work out that the authorities sent a special appeal through the Billiards and Control Council for more and more tables. The tables are loaned to the British Government for the duration and Mr. John C. Bisset, chairman of the B.A. and C.C., writes as follows:

"Owners of billiards tables are invited by the Billiards For the Services Fund to lend their tables for use in hospitals and convalescent homes. There is an immediate need for this form of recreation, with its stimulating effect on the convalescent.

"Over 170 tables have already been distributed by the fund, but more are wanted not only for the sick and wounded but also for the use of Service men at isolated posts, for the relaxation of airmen on their return from raids, and men of the Auxiliary Services during tedious hours of standing by.

"A physician who is responsible for the care and treatment of hundreds of sailors, soldiers, airmen, to whose hospital a billiard table was recently supplied writes: 'The wounded man and the sick man drag their weary muscles about. Tired and in pain, they try to regain life—to face life. The doctor's task is to help and encourage them, to persuade them to use the unwilling muscles, to learn to use a new group of muscles, to forget their aches and pains, to face life, not with resignation or dread, but with resolution and joy; and it is in this connection that

a billiards table can be of the greatest service.'"

Mr Bisset gives an assurance, on behalf of the fund, that all tables loaned will be properly cared for and returned to the owner in good order and condition after the war.

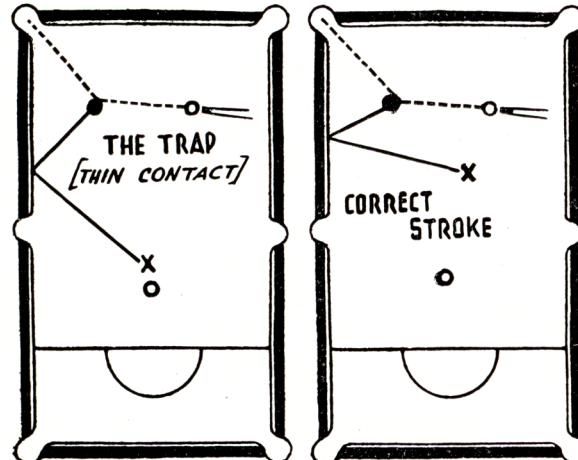
There is a lesson in the foregoing for all our members who may not

was found that no hall existed which had the necessary dimensions to hold a table and also provide room for spectators. What to do? Necessity, the mother of invention, once more reared her head and a squad was lined up to dig a hole in the ground large enough to hold a billiards table and provide sufficient space around same for player and attendant.

This was done and a tent thrown over the top. The exhibition took place under those surroundings which must rank as unique in the annals of the game. Before the game commenced at 7.30 p.m., Bandmaster Jim Pheloung (conductor of the Manly Band) took his 26 pieces "into the pit" and regaled upwards of 1,000 men with all the latest in marches and swing items. The display was a huge success and ended at 9.30 p.m. after which the party adjourned to the officers' mess, where the toast to His Majesty was honoured. Perhaps one of the most remarkable items followed that.

At 10.30 the party prepared to leave camp and a return to the car, which had been parked near the tent, revealed the "demolition squad" just about to retire. The table had been taken down and placed on a lorry for removal to the next camp, and, the "hole" had been filled in! It's a way they have in the Army.

In such manner is billiards being popularised at the moment and, in time, we will catch up with the English idea and utilise our billiards tables to best advantage as well as regarding them in their true light—providing one of the best possible methods to retain normal health and freedom of movement. Incidentally, the American Morale Squad has ordered 50 tables to be sent to Victorian camps. Verily, our game is getting a real fillip at the moment.



According to world's champion, Walter Lindrum, the correct method of playing the in-off as shown, is with thick contact. He points out the trap through playing too thinly and explains that more often than not the object ball will trickle into baulk and safety, whereas at least six points should be scored before the object ball is brought below the centre pockets.

feel right up to par. The billiards table provides an excellent medium as a short cut to physical fitness and, as has been proved, an ideal vehicle for bringing about co-ordination between mind and muscle.

A move is now on foot to equip all military camps in N.S.W. with billiards tables and during recent weeks world's champion Walter Lindrum has been giving exhibitions and sending his own table in advance. Once a table has been installed the C.O. invariably finds the need for the establishment of one or more tables. There is a funny story in connection with one camp and the writer of this article was in the party concerned. When the table was sent to this near-country camp it

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

MAY RACE MEETING Randwick Racecourse SATURDAY, 23rd MAY, 1942

(In aid of the Prisoners of War Fund)

PROGRAMME.

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.
ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings)

A Handicap of £400; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £3.
FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies)

A Handicap of £400; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £3.
FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.
SIX FURLONGS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE JAMES BARNES PLATE.

A Handicap of £750; second £125, third £75 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £6/10/-.
ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £400; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £3.
ONE MILE.

CONDITIONS.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

THURSDAY, MAY 14th, 1942

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races, a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50, or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 18th May, 1942.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 21st May, 1942, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Entries for the above races are accepted subject to the following conditions, viz.:—"The Committee reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and acceptance fees advertised and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise."

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

The Committee also reserves the right to vary the distance of any event and to change the venue of the race meeting.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

CHURCHILL DOWNS

• Home of the • Kentucky Derby

Away back in 1872 Colonel M. Lewis Clark, a Louisville sportsman, deserving that sobriquet, travelled to England and France for first hand study of racing conditions.

He came back impressed by the atmosphere of the Epsom downs on

Colonel Clark had to use his powers of persuasion to found the Louisville Jockey Club of which there were 320 original members in 1874 and a subscription of 100 dollars. This was the creation of America's greatest racecourse in the

duced seven years later in 1882 and operated until 1908 when the civic authorities ruled that their calling in Louisville was a violation of the law and Derby Day of that year saw betting again restricted to the totalisators.



The Churchill Downs Racecourse

Derby Day and the possibilities of the pari-mutual—or totalisator system of betting in France and in 1875 began the saga of the Kentucky Derby on Churchill Downs, Louisville.

Early this month—May—another bright page will be written around one of the great horse-races of the world.

To American turf enthusiasts the Kentucky Derby is the equivalent of the Derby in England and the Melbourne Cup in Australia.

famous blue grass region of Kentucky.

Land was leased, then well outside the precincts of the city but so great has been the urban growth that the course now is in the very centre of the metropolis of Kentucky.

At first Colonel Clark found his French innovation was ruled out by statute but he visited the legislature halls and secured an amendment permitting the use of combination or French pools.

Bookmakers, however, were intro-

Back in those early days arrangements and procedure were primitive and not until 1896 was the Australian starting machine introduced, full credit being given to the innovation from this country.

Picnic spirits prevailed in these early days with little transport and that slow, and many of the early patrons of those times arrived with well-filled hampers to satisfy the demands of the inner man for three full meals.

(Continued on Page 10.)

CHURCHILL DOWNS

. Home of the . Kentucky Derby

(Continued from Page 9.)

Bookmaking was not known in U.S.A. until 1871 but then only off the course and in 1873 J. Stanford, an Englishman set the fashion in New York but the profession did not extend operations to Kentucky until 1882.

Hard times came to Churchill Downs from 1897 to 1902 in which latter year Colonel Matt Winn with only grocery and tailoring experience took over the helm although he had not been a racing executive before. From the first day he started the club on the road to prosperity as vice-president ably aided by Mr. Charles Price as secretary and manager.

Stands and buildings commensurate with the expected increased standing of the course were erected. There were setbacks and troubles through legislation and competition from other racing concerns and obstruction from other sources during

the years of World War I, but Colonel Winn kept the flag flying and to good purpose.

The Kentucky Derby is not a horse race but an event in the lifetime of North America, and an institution in American life. In recent years providing adequate accommodation has been a problem for the executive and for ten years about £25,000 has been spent annually on additions, alterations, and modernisation. Now only a magician could find another vantage point.

Actual attendance figures are not available but they fall far short of a Melbourne Cup record at 100,000 but the Australian figures could be reached if more space can be obtained in the "bleachers" for another 25,000 by the acquisition of additional land.

Gross value of the first Derby in 1875 was 3100 dollars but this year

should be little if anything short of the approximately 80,000 dollars of the last two years.

Of the 67 Derbies decided at Churchill Downs 59 have been won by colts, seven by geldings, and only one filly Regret scored in 1915. From 1875 to 1895 the recognised Derby course was maintained at a mile and a half but from 1896 the distance has been a mile and a quarter.

The course measures a mile with a straight of about a furlong and a half and is regarded by expert horsemen as one of the best in the U.S.A.

Kentucky has been the cradle of the turf in the U.S.A. Equine duels were staged through the streets of Lexington in the latter part of the 18th century. Alarmed villagers, however, protested to such good purpose that street racing was banned in 1793.

Horsemen then transferred their activities to the wider open spaces and primitive race tracks came into being and not only saddle horses, but the light harness type were raced. Thus the stone was laid for the trotting horse, a type which has developed in America to the highest pitch of perfection.



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I BOMB GERMANY BY DAYLIGHT

(Condensed from Life)

One of the most spectacular R.A.F. daylight raids on Germany was that on the great Knapsack power station, which provides power for some of the Ruhr's largest cities and industries. The raid was carried out by 54 Blenheim bombers. Forty-two returned. In keeping with R.A.F. policy, the author of "Life's" first person account of the raid remains anonymous:—

We knew something big was up because we'd laid off operations for several days and the tops were talking a lot. We rather guessed it would be a daylight job on some interior German target. It was, but even worse than we'd thought.

We assembled on Tuesday morning for briefing. Our job, the Group Captain explained, was to smash the power station at Knapsack, 150 miles inside enemy territory. We were to fly at low level and our bomb fuses were timed. Low level means 10 to 20 feet above the ground and a delayed fuse gives you just time to get away before the bomb explodes. Flying in tight formation, you're likely as not to get the full blast from the plane in front. We were warned not to plot our course on our maps because if one of us were shot down in Holland it would give the whole show away before we even got there.

We took off at 9.15, flying in vics of three joined into boxes of six. I was leading the second formation of 24 planes. It was a sunny morning, practically no haze or clouds. As we crossed the coast we picked up the escort of Whirlwinds which was to accompany us into Holland.

We flew along just missing the whitecaps. A lot of wisecracking went on through the intercom phones. "Getting your ruddy wing in the water," my observer kept shouting, and one of the pilots swore

he'd caught a fish in his propeller. I might add that one of the chaps did have two seagulls in his engines when we got back.

North of Antwerp, we crossed the Dutch coast, and went hedgehopping across Holland, dodging trees and telegraph poles. One chap hit a high-tension wire and crashed. But aside from the danger of hitting things, low-level flying isn't so bad. You are safe from anti-aircraft and also from fighters, which can't dive on you without hitting the ground. They can only come up behind or on the side and there you are more than a match for them with your turret guns. Of course, there is machine-gunning from the ground, but at 250 miles an hour it's pretty hard for a gunner to get you in his sights.

People in the fields waved farm implements and hats as we went over. In one village square we saw four policemen standing together who solemnly saluted us. A group of children standing on a pillbox jumped up and down and waved. We weren't sure exactly when we crossed the German frontier, but soon saw people running for cover. The air was full of Blenheims. Once a squadron flew right over us on its way to another power station near Aachen. It only cleared us by a few feet. We were bunched so close together that some of the chaps were having some trouble with the slipstream from planes in front. So I told them to loosen up the formation.

We had no trouble finding our way. We passed the spires of Cologne Cathedral, a sort of landmark because we knew the power station was eight miles above the city. Then we saw the target sticking out a mile. It looked exactly as in our photographs, with two sets of chimneys about 150 yards apart. Our

job was to go in between them and unload our bombs on the main plant.

Up to then we had not encountered a single hostile plane. We'd evidently taken the Jerries by surprise because our Wellingtons had been over the same territory all night and I don't suppose they were counting on another raid so soon.

I was banking to go in when my rear gunner shouted, "Fighters to port!" Two Me 109's were coming down at us from the side.

I told the flight to take evasive action, which means sawing up and down and taking skidding turns. I could see cannon shells ripping chunks from the wing fabric of the next plane. The flak was also bursting all around. I could see flashes from a gun emplacement and was wondering what to do about it when one of the chaps went straight for it with all three front guns going. He silenced it.

I saw the leader of the first flight going in over the target so low that he was right between the chimneys. I realized we would have to get altitude or run smack into his explosions, and I signalled my group up to 800 feet. As we went over the target I saw red flashes inside the buildings from bombs dropped by the planes in front of us. We planted ours just where we wanted them. Clouds of black smoke were rolling up and fires starting.

By now the air was full of flak. We could feel jolts as splinters hit the plane. My rear gunner got a clout on the head from a piece of shrapnel, but luckily he had his tin hat on and got only a souvenir dent in it. As I dived to get out of the flak area, I saw Number 2 of my vic go down in flames. Number 3 was also missing.

(Continued on Page 12.)

I Bomb Germany by Daylight

(Continued from Page 11.)

My observer, who had been trying to get some photos, shouted that two more Me's were coming at us. We were over a huge sand pit or stone quarry and I took the whole formation—what was left of it—right down into it. We must have gone 30 feet below ground level—probably the lowest an aircraft has ever flown. But it did fool the Huns and when we came back up we had shaken them off.

I tried to get closer formation in order to concentrate our fire-power, and finally got six planes together just as another Me attacked from behind. My rear gunner could not train his guns on it without shooting off our own tail. I sideslipped to get a better angle and my gunner opened fire. Other planes were also firing. We saw the Hun crash and his plane bounce on the ground.

The manoeuvre brought us low. Suddenly my observer shouted, and I turned just in time to avoid a church steeple. As I banked, my port wing caught the top of a tree and I thought we were going to pile up right in a village square. But the plane righted itself just in time.

As we approached the coast the Me's left us and we tacked on to a larger formation of Blenheims. Above us we saw a larger German transport plane. Its pilot was obviously unaware that we were under him. We all nosed up and everyone had a crack at it. We last saw it going down behind a group of trees. I'll bet that Jerry never knew what hit him.

Off the Dutch coast we ran into a big mix-up between a group of Me's and the Whirlwind escort that had come to meet us. Our fighters seemed to be doing a good job on the Huns

because only one peeled off to attack us. His first burst sent one of our chaps down, but those following shot him down and both planes crashed in the water within a few yards of each other.

Over the North Sea we ran into heavy rain, which acted as a screen and enabled us to bring together our stragglers. When we got home a great crowd was waiting for us. They had probably seen us take off and guessed what was up. We gave them a pretty good show, too, because several of the chaps had their landing gear shot up and had to do a belly landing. Our last plane came in at 13.13 o'clock.

Most of us felt rather flat out for a few hours after we'd made our report. Rather like having a hang-over. Over there we didn't have much time to think about it—too damned busy. Now I suppose there's no point in thinking about it. It wasn't much of a show really.

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Death to a Hemisphere Invader

Condensed from the Living Age

(Lois Mattox Miller)

In 1930, when few people worried about hemisphere defence, a small, bloodthirsty band of secret agents crossed from West Africa to Natal, Brazil. Soon the results of their death mission appeared explosively.

Dozens, then hundreds of people in Natal fell ill. Faces became white or lead-coloured, aching bodies were racked by raging fever and bone-rattling chills. "Malaria," said the doctors. But this wasn't the type of malaria that haunts the tropics and semi-tropics of our hemisphere. These victims suffered longer and more severely. The death rate was appallingly higher. Sometimes the disease was followed by the blood-despoiling "black water" fever, a terrible malady which still mystifies students of tropical diseases.

A few wise old doctors, who had seen malaria at its worst in other parts of the world, had frightening thoughts which they didn't dare mention. But a mosquito-hunter soon confirmed their suspicions.

Dr. Raymond C. Shannon, a Rockefeller Foundation entomologist attached to Brazil's Yellow Fever Service, was making a routine checkup of rain barrels and roadside ditches when he encountered a strange mosquito. When Dr. Shannon later slid his captive under a microscope he was horrified. The gambiae—deadliest of all malaria-carrying mosquitoes, the one that has made central and western Africa a hell-hole of disease—had invaded the Western Hemisphere!

But how? The flight of the gambiae is limited to three miles at the most. Had it travelled by boat! No, the gambiae won't remain indoors or under cover for more than 48 hours at a time. But the commercial planes of the new French airline had recently cut the time between Dakar and Natal to 21 hours. That was it—the African agent of the "living death" had become a stowaway.

The alarm was broadcast to all other American nations. Brazil's health authorities clamped down a

rigid control: henceforth all planes from Africa must be inspected and fumigated immediately upon arrival. But malaria experts said, "The harm has been done! The gambiae is already here."

This death-dealing insect multiplies fantastically. The adult female (which alone is the blood-sucker and disease-carrier) breeds prolifically. Her eggs hatch in little more than a day; eight or nine days later the newborn females are busy breeding large families of their own.

Unlike other malaria-carrying mosquitoes that can feed on animals and be satisfied with only an occasional blood meal from human beings, the she-gambiae lives on human blood almost exclusively. And her body is a highly efficient poison factory—breeding malaria parasites by the millions. This combination of habits makes the gambiae the most vicious carrier of high-powered malaria on earth.

Between April and June in 1930 the city of Natal experienced the most severe and widespread malaria epidemic this hemisphere had ever known. During the long dry season from June to February it subsided, only to break out with renewed virulence.

Slowly, but with military precision, the gambiae spread out from Natal. Prevailing winds carried one spearhead of the invading army up the coast and inland for 115 miles. And it infected as much as 90 per cent. of the population in some regions, killing from 10 to 50 per cent. of its victims. It sapped the strength of the survivors, leaving many too weak to work, too listless to care much about living.

Public health authorities, recalling the part played by malaria in the downfall of ancient Greece and Rome, watched the spread of the gambiae with increasing alarm. America's world-famous malariologist, Dr. Marshall A. Barber, re-

turned from Brazil to issue this warning:

The gambiae threatens the Americas with a catastrophe in comparison with which ordinary pestilence, conflagration and even war are but small and temporary calamities. Gambiae literally enter into the veins of a country and may remain to plague it for centuries.

Then Brazil had a piece of luck that seemed providential. During the next two years terrific droughts scorched the earth under the gambiae, drying up breeding places, halting the march of the invaders. The respite gave the malaria fighters time to plan.

Brazil already had a scientific army for fighting mosquito-borne disease. This is its Yellow Fever Service which, under Dr. Barros Barato, Director-General of Public Health, deserves to be the pride of the hemisphere—and the world. Working in the heroic tradition of the great Brazilian sanitarian, Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, who routed yellow fever from Rio de Janeiro over 30 years ago, it has fought the fever-bearing *aedes aegypti* mosquito so relentlessly that the species is rapidly becoming a rarity in Brazil.

"Set up a full-scale anti-gambiae organisation," pleaded some of the courageous entomologists of that Service. "Give us the funds, the men and the equipment, and we'll wipe out this foreign pest!"

More conservative experts declared it impossible. They had stamped out yellow fever by mosquito control—adequate procedure in dealing with most species. But the gambiae are so prolific and so deadly that control would be futile. Only extermination would serve. And no mosquito fighters had ever imagined they could exterminate a species. Least of all gambiae! Other mosquitoes breed in well-

(Continued on Page 15.)



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Death to a Hemisphere Invader

(Continued from Page 13.)

known, easily found places—in pond, puddle, rain barrel. Controlling them is a matter of draining land and spreading larvicides. Mosquito fighters also have a powerful ally in a tiny surface-feeding minnow which feeds on mosquito eggs and larvae. Stock any body of water, large or small, with these and it will soon be rid of mosquitoes.

But the vicious *gambiae* shuns ponds and sizable ditches and prefers to lay its eggs in tiny spots of water—a rain-filled wagon rut or hoofprint. Said one conservative: "You would have to dry up every puddle in north-eastern Brazil every time it rains."

So Brazil pinned its hope on drought. Perhaps the sun-baked earth would prove uninhabitable for the African invader.

But when the rains came in February, 1934, the deadly march of the *gambiae* began anew. For the next four years it pushed relentlessly north and west. By 1938 the malaria-infested area comprised 12,000 square miles. Whole towns were laid low by the disease. Work came to a standstill; crops went unplanted for lack of labour. The Rockefeller Foundation reported: "As a result of the ravages of this mosquito nearly every person in these affected areas will be on government relief in 1939."

Now the threat to the whole hemisphere became grave. One authority declared: "If the *gambiae* should break through to the well-watered Parnaíba and São Francisco River valleys, it would be impossible to prevent its spread to a large part of South, Central and perhaps even North America."

Then, in January, 1939, Brazil formally declared war on the *gambiae*. By presidential decree the Malaria Service of the North-East was organised. Dr. Manoel Ferreira, distinguished hygienist, was put in charge by Dr. Barato; other eminent Brazilian doctors, including Dr. Evandro Chagas, famous malariologist, recently killed in a plane crash, were mobilised for the war. The

government appropriated a preliminary 250,000 dols. and the Rockefeller Foundation contributed 100,000 dols. The argument over whether the *gambiae* could or could not be exterminated ceased. The orders were: "Find out how, then go ahead and do it!"

There was little time for training workers; there were no precedents. But when the rainy season began in February, 1940, the first army was in the field; over 2,000 Brazilian doctors, technicians, inspectors and labourers. For four months the *gambiae* proved to be a formidable foe. The daily rains multiplied the breeding places endlessly. But the anti-*gambiae* army established patrols over the infested territory and sent scouting parties to set up outposts along its frontiers. By June the mosquito fighters announced that the *gambiae* had been surrounded. Then the real fight began.

Every possible breeding place was treated with Paris green. Workers with spray guns went from door to door killing the adult mosquitoes in houses, sheds, shops and abandoned buildings. This thorough policy of the "scorched earth" was prosecuted rigorously over every square inch of the known infested areas, and then over a ten-mile safety zone beyond. Sanitary patrols halted and fumigated every vehicle before allowing it to cross into uninfested territory.

There were plenty of disappointments. Funds were soon exhausted and the Brazilian Government had to appropriate another 250,000 dols. The campaign progressed by trial and error; there were times when the *gambiae* seemed to be mocking the pest-fighters. When everything seemed to be going nicely, there were new outbreaks of malaria miles away in previously uninfested territory.

Scouting parties sent to investigate learned the answer. In one instance an automobile, travelling an abandoned wagon road through the jungle, had slipped out of the infested territory without being fumigated; in another, a small fishing boat, eluding the sanitary posts of the

maritime service, had transported the invader miles up the coast.

The mosquito fighters were undaunted. In 1940 they obtained a budget of 1,130,000 dols. (including a 230,000 dols. grant from the Rockefeller Foundation). The field force was increased to 4,000; tactics were improved. Confidently the mosquito fighters declared: "This year it shall be death to the invaders."

The tenacious *gambiae* did begin to lose ground. In the middle of the rainy season (an unusually heavy one) reports came in from district after district: "Area clean. No evidence of adults, eggs or larvae." Actually this should have been a big season for the *gambiae*. In two uncontrolled areas, set aside for research and checking, the mosquitoes were on a rampage. But wherever the chemical squads kept up their work the foe was being routed completely.

The mosquito fighters decided to make a crucial test. When an area was declared "clean" by the field experts, all chemical control measures were suspended. But the "scouting force" was doubled to watch for a possible reappearance. Long, anxious months passed slowly. The *gambiae* didn't reappear!

The mosquito fighters were still cautious and apprehensive, for they knew the *gambiae* intimately as a difficult and treacherous foe. In fact, they did get another bad scare. An isolated pocket of *gambiae* was discovered about 50 miles beyond the last known frontier of infestation. It never has been explained; but it was cleaned up before any harm was done.

For over a year, now, a large staff of trained men has patrolled north-eastern Brazil without finding a *gambiae*. Cash rewards have been posted for anyone who brings in an egg, grub or adult. Thus far not one has been found.

Brazilian scientists are reluctant to claim that the *gambiae* has been "exterminated. Nonetheless, their achievement has made a deep impression on scientists everywhere, for the winged killer has not been seen in Brazil since November, 1940.

Where and Why is Libya?

(Continued from Page 5)

rying off from Greece the loveliest woman of her day—Helen, the wife of Menelaus—Aeneas, the Trojan Hero, second only to Hector, fled from the burning city of Troy with his followers and sailed across the Mediterranean to Libya.

After many adventures which Virgil has immortalised Aeneas reached Dido's fair city of Carthage.

Dido welcomed him and fell in love with him and hoped that Aeneas would wed her and share her pleasant kingdom.

But Aeneas was a meanie or else he was just a man.

He tired of Dido and longed for more adventures for Virgil to record.

So one early morning before Dido arose for her coffee and crullers, Aeneas boarded his ships with his followers and sailed away.

When Dido finally looked out from her window she saw to her sorrow the ships of Aeneas sailing toward the far horizon.

So Dido ordered the building of a great funeral pyre and lay upon it and as the flames consumed her, cast a last despairing look upon the fast fading ships of the faithless Aeneas.

Men are like that—and women, too.

Men must wander and women must weep.

But sometimes it is the other way.

But Libya was not all Phoenician.

Between Carthage and Egypt the Greek city of Cyrene was founded and it grew to be one of the greatest cities of the ancient world.

Then came the wars between the Greeks and the Carthaginians in which the Carthaginians were in the main victorious.

Thus Carthage came to dominate not only the coast of North Africa but the coasts of the great island of Sicily and the coasts of Spain.

Carthage had then grown to such a point that it provoked the jealousy of Rome.

Every day Cato entered the Roman Senate Chamber, spilled fresh dates and figs from Carthage upon the floor and said, so near are the growing territories of this menacing city, "Carthage must be destroyed."

And so at length after long and arduous wars in which Rome almost succumbed, Carthage was destroyed and all its great buildings levelled in the dust.

Then Rome built a city on the site of Carthage and built other great cities along the fertile coast of North Africa.

And then the strip was conquered by the invading Vandals from the north and then redeemed by Belisarius, the clever general of Justinian.

Finally the Arabs conquered all North Africa and Libya belonged to the Moslems until modern times.

Now it has been divided up between Spain and France and Italy, and the ruins of former great cities and the sand dunes and oases of the deserts are the battlegrounds of modern war.

Will Libya ever rise to greatness again?

Probably not, because the trade that built the mighty cities of antiquity is no longer conducted across the highways of the Mediterranean in galleys fit only for an inland sea.

It is carried on in great ships and steamers cross great oceans.

And the battles of the future will no longer be fought for the possession of the Mediterranean but for the control of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the trade that they carry on their broad bosoms.

There is no more chance for a new Carthage and Cyrene to-day than there is for the revival of Tyre and Sidon or of Troy.—"San Francisco Examiner."

IT'S ALL IN YOUR POINT OF VIEW

It was always good fun, when we were living in Brussels, to take visiting English friends to Waterloo and get an old Belgian sergeant to explain the battle. We would be shown the Belgian Lion on a pyramid, proudly overlooking the field; and would learn how on the 18th of June, 1815, the French were there defeated by the Belgian army—assisted by the Germans, and a few English.—Jerome K. Jerome, "My Life and Times."

* * *

When the first American round-the-world flyers were in India, the officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers held a banquet in their honor. I was invited also, and toward the end of festivities was called upon for a speech. I laid it on thick: a rehash of the American Revolution, then decades of eternal friendship; hands-across-the-sea, blood-is-thicker-than-water stuff. My peroration was punctuated by frequent "Hear-hears," but when I had finished, one officer wrinkled his brow and said: "But I say—just what was the ruddy war between England and America? My word! I never heard of it."

"It really wasn't a war, laddie," a brother officer explained. "America was a colony then and objected to paying some taxes or something, so one of the Georges—I've forgotien which—sent some soldiers over to collect them. But he soon needed the soldiers for a war with France or somebody and brought 'em back home. Then he was so busy he decided the colonies weren't worth bothering about and told them they'd have to jolly well stand on their own feet from then on."

"The colonists objected to being kicked out of the Empire, and fired on a few blighters at Bunker Hill or some place near Chicago, and the King got mad and brought the rest of his troops home. Nothing to it, really!"—Linton Wells, "Blood on the Moon."

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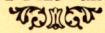
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GRIFFITH

Centre of the Mirrool Irrigation Area

Mirrool Irrigation Area is part of the famous Murrumbidgee Irrigation Scheme, and the town of Griffith, with its main avenue of stately Kurrajong trees, is dominated by the wooded slopes of a scenic hill, from where can be seen a widespread unique panorama over the Irrigation Area.

Griffith has become one of the tourist attractions of the State. This, for a town which in consideration of its size is by far the youngest in Australia, is a remarkable achievement.

The district was first visited in the year 1817, when John Oxley and his expedition, after following the Lachlan River for some distance, worked southward almost to the Murrumbidgee, afterwards returning in a semi-circular sweep to the Lachlan River. John Oxley's opinion of the now fertile irrigation area was poor in the extreme. His diary records the fact that he considered it vastly improbable that the then arid lands would ever be visited again.

It was not until the 50's of the last century that stations were formed in this district, while a few smaller holdings were taken up in the 80's. Despite this, the countryside remained very much as it was in the year 1817; even as late as 1910 there were no towns and only one small village, Whitton, some miles away.

Then came one of Australia's greatest single projects—the construction of the Burrinjuck Dam and the consequent development of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Scheme.

The first Irrigation farms were made available in 1912, and from that year a remarkable, intensive development commenced—to be crowned by the achievements of to-day.

By March 1913 about half of these farms had been allotted. At this time the Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission had only a skeleton staff housed in temporary quarters on a sandy rise about 2 miles south of the present township.

The nearest railway station was Wilbriggie, and the farms were situated about 8 to 11 miles to the north.

The township of Griffith, so called after the Hon. Arthur Griffith, Minister for Pub-

lic Works and Chairman of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Trust, the body administering the area from 28th December 1910 to 31st December 1912, was planned by Mr. Walter Burley Griffin, the designer of the Federal Capital, Canberra.

Water for irrigation was made available in the spring of 1913, and the primitive state of affairs at this time in the district of which Griffith is the centre may be imagined from the fact that a concert under the auspices of the Mirrool Settlers' Association had to be held in the Commission's Grain Store in April 1914.

The first school established at Hanwood in 1914 was attended by the children of settlers and workmen employed on the construction of channels and buildings.

The first Police Station consisted of a small tent for the police with a 10ft. x 10ft. galvanised iron shed for prisoners.

By August 1915 the railway from Barellan had been constructed as far as Beelbangera, but on 3rd July 1916 the line to Griffith (from Barellan) was opened; whilst March 1922 saw the opening of the line from Yenda to Griffith.

The first Crown Lands were made available at Griffith in 1916, but it was three years later before the town was established, when various buildings were erected, including the offices for the Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission. The early settlers, with a truly wonderful spirit, overcame the hardships and obstacles of their new environment, although there were occasions when even the bravest had doubts as to the outcome of the whole irrigation experiment.

Co-operative enterprise—that great movement which has produced such striking results in the area—had its birth in the initial efforts of the early settlers, who fostered the Settlers' Cash Club for the sale of various articles to settlers, the agency for machinery of various kinds, and the local marketing of produce.

The first farms to be made available for discharged soldiers exclusively were set apart on the Mirrool Area by gazettal on

14th March 1919, and from that year onward, many returned soldiers took up holdings until 1926. The Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission carried out all functions of administration, water supply, care of roads, also the supply of electricity when that service was established. With the passing of the years, this system has been modified by the setting up of Local Government, the Wade Shire having its headquarters at Griffith.

In 1919 also the Commission's temporary offices and stores were removed from the old camp site to Griffith township, a number of cottages for the use of officers erected and a temporary water supply established.

The first store was opened about 1920, the Citrus Research Station commenced its scientific work in 1924, and in 1933 the Minister for Education laid the foundation stone of the Griffith High School.

The oldest industry in the district is that of sheep farming. Even to-day large sheep stations border the western and southern boundaries, and some of these by means of irrigation have grown fodder for sheep, thereby increasing the carrying capacity immensely.

Experts hold that the future of the fat lamb industry in consequence is particularly bright, especially with the increased attention being bestowed on improved pastures.

Many and varied are the products of this rich area; about 90% of the wine production of N.S.W. can be attributed to the district, and from the five wineries, also other small wine-making establishments, come nearly 2 million gallons a year.

Recent figures show that nearly 500,000 bushels of citrus fruit and over 300,000 bushels of other fruits were grown in one year in the district embraced by the Wade Shire.

In addition, great quantities of market garden produce, including tomatoes, peas, carrots, etc., come from this fertile region as well as wheat, wool, and fat lambs.

The Griffith Producers' Co-operative Company Ltd. has one of the most up-to-date packing sheds in N.S.W. and handles a large proportion of the fruit grown in the district.

Industrial undertakings are highly developed, and the town is the centre of an area containing over 10,000 people.

So the Griffith of to-day with large fruit packing-houses, cool stores, fine hospital and school, modern buildings and shops, comfortable homes, a flourishing newspaper and local radio station, is a thriving centre of a prosperous community, with even greater promise for the future.

From the "desert" of John Oxley's diary over one hundred years ago has been made this rich productive land—a striking tribute surely to man's endeavours and the wonders of irrigation.



**The RURAL BANK
OF NEW SOUTH WALES**

Griffith Branch.